PS 3531
.E24 C3
1908
Copy 1

Castle Gates

BY
PAMELA LARCOM JOHNSON

Class PS 3531

Book .E24C3

Copyright No. 1908

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

CASTLE GATES

Castle Gates

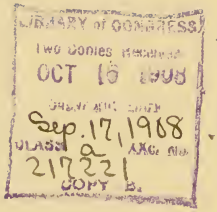
(A Book of Poems)

Through Which the Knowing
Ones Are Admitted Into
Some of My Castles
in Spain

BY

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

PEARSON PRINTING COMPANY
MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA
1908



PS3531
.E24C3
1908

COPYRIGHT, 1908,
BY
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

PREFACE.

KIND READER:

Before you place the stamp of your condemnation on the poems here presented, let me beg your indulgence for a few words of explanation and comment. I have previously printed two or three small pamphlets of my poems, and circulated a few copies privately, but this is my first real book. It was printed in my own shop here at Moravian Falls. My wife, who is also a printer, helped to set the type, and I "kicked off" the sheets on my old job press—four pages at a time. It took over 15,000 impressions to print the edition of 500 copies. It required nearly a month of hard work to set the type by hand and get all the sections printed and folded ready for the binder. But we enjoyed the work, and the time passed quickly and pleasantly. I am hoping that the little book, as it goes out among the people, will fall into the hands of friends—people who will have a proper appreciation for all the good there is in it, and a mantle of charity for its many weaknesses.

In order that the reader may better understand the conditions out of which this volume has grown, it may be worth while to add here a few words in regard to my life-history. I was born on a poor mountain farm near Moravian Falls, N. C., 29 years ago. Worked on the farm until I was 21 years old. Sometimes I got to attend the district free school a few weeks during the winter. Studied grammar a little, but could

not make head nor tail of it. Had only a very moderate liking for history and geography, and couldn't endure arithmetic at all. Liked my old Fourth Reader very well, because it had some poetry in it. Spent most of my time during school hours writing poetry on my slate. Was set down as a hopeless case, whom there was no use trying to educate. Quit school entirely at 16, having never been in school more than 12 months, from first to last. Never saw the inside of a high school or college. Stayed between the plow-handles for several years longer. Read all the poetry I could get hold of, and gradually developed a taste for other kinds of reading. Wrote a poem every little while for some paper or magazine. The editors were kind, and printed my stuff. Drifted into a local newspaper office. Learned to set type. Edited the paper. Acted as Washington correspondent. Contributed poems to various periodicals. Operated a linotype machine in office of city daily. Got married. Set up a print-shop of my own to print my books. That brings us down to the present, and that's as far as I can go with my history just now. Maybe the world will want to know more about me some time, and maybe it won't. We'll wait and see. Respectfully,

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

CONTENTS.

My Castle In Spain	9
The Poet In His Den	9
The Master Musician	11
An Inward Prayer	12
Vulnerability	13
The Rivals	14
The Secret of Attainment	15
Her Wonderful Eyes.	16
Worship	18
A Picture On Memory's Wall	19
A Song of Trust	21
Love Me While I Live	22
The Magi and the Star	22
My Various Loves	24
The Love that Never Dies	25
News From the Front	27
Lights and Shadows	28
Port-Seekers	29
To Christmas Day	30
Song of the Star of Bethlehem	31
A Hymn of Thanksgiving	32
The Congressional Library	33
Day and Night	34
Love's Victory	35
Sonnet to an Egyptian Mummy	38
Faith and Works	38

The Kiss 39
A Winter Evening 40
Do You Remember 41
I Know You Can 42
Thanksgiving 43
The Inner Sight 44
The Long Hand-Clasp at Parting 45
A Bunch of Violets 47
The Night 48
Lucile 49
A Child's Cry to Nature 50
The Woman Servant 51
The Building of Delpha 52
The Death of a Century 55
Thy Promise 56
A Lyric of Love 57
A Lullaby Song 58
The Empty Boat 58
Strolling in the Starlight 59
A Poem to the Poets 62
Song to Old Glory 63
Thanks 64
A Drop of Dew 65
The Organ of Life 66
To Cora In Florida 67
Sonnet—to a Scientist 69
At the Grave of Payne 69
A Bed-time Song 72

The Stem of a Rose 73
The Approach of Night 74
Oh, to Be Married In May 75
The Mystery of Man 76
Looking Backward 76
The Book of Truth 77
My Love-Ship 77
Ten Thousand Years Ago 78
The Marriage 80
My Muse 81
Prophecy 81
Soul-Sculpture 82
The Dancing Men 83
His Majesty, the Czarevitch 83
A Bottle of Ink 84
The Old Man's Opinion 85
To the Dying Year 87
Life's Lessons 87
The Vernal Season 88
Beautiful Hands 89
The World's Desire 90
Digging the Canal 91
The Service of Little Things 92
Thoughts on the Rubaiyat 92
Memories 93
The Old Turkey Gobbler 95
Life and Peace 96
The Old Sweet Story 97

A Valentine 98
A Pensive Poetical Proposal 99
The Men of Mecklenburg 100
Transcendentalism 102
The Politician's Choice 103
Admiral McGinty 104
Change 104
Getting Down to Business 105
A Night In June 106
Grief and Gladness 107
A Song of Myself 107

Castle Gates

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

In sunny Spain, upon my broad estates,
I have a castle with an hundred gates;
My stately palms and cedars are astir
With all the gentle winds that never were.

Within, my halls and chambers are perfumed
With bright, perpetual flowers that never
bloomed,
And dreamy maids by gallant knights are led
To banquet tables that were never spread.

THE POET IN HIS DEN.

One night the poet sat and wept
O'er grievous ills that burden'd him,
What time the world oblivious slept
Beneath the shadows deep and dim.

"Give me a song, O Muse," he cried,
"A song to move the world to tears;
Which rendered, I can better bide
The thankless service of the years."

He lifted up his wond'rous harp,
Whose vibrant chords were keen to speak;
He sang of competition sharp,
Of how the strong oppressed the weak.

But all the slumb'rous world was still,
And no man heard the tragic song;
No bosom sent an answering thrill
Back to the bard, who waited long.

Again the chords were touched, and now
War's agony rose loud and high—
The voice of bellowing guns, and how
Men marched away from home to die.

Up rose the world with morn's return,
The song was lost in traffic's roar;
The critic's voice was harsh and stern,
So that the bard could sing no more.

A little child with beaming face
Found out the poet's lonely den—
Brought glad new life into the place,
And he was moved to sing again.

This time it was a soft, sweet song
For childhood's tender, trusting years;
But when the bard looked up, ere long,
Behold, the world was all in tears.

THE MASTER MUSICIAN.

The voice of every living thing is held a captive
in his hand,
And from his subtle finger-tips the rapid,
rolling thunder speaks;
The first glad notes are those that tell of life
among the rich and grand,
And then I hear the muffled sound wherein
the soul of sorrow reeks.

I do not see the master's form nor yet the in-
strument he plays;
I am not conscious of the fact that all the
world of sight and sound
That pulses in my inner soul and fills my rap-
tured mental gaze
Could be the handiwork of man and in so
small a compass bound.

The old piano shrieks and groans in agony of
hopeless woe,
And tragic scenes come into view beneath the
master's witching hand;
And silent fleets of phantom ships all rudder-
less and aimless go
On bottomless and shoreless seas to port in
some far phantom land.

AN INWARD PRAYER.

We are hungry for the bread
  That will satisfy the soul;
We are longing to be led
  Where the living waters roll.

We are begging for the balm
  That will heal the broken heart,
And we seek an inward calm
  That will nevermore depart.

We are weary of the road
  That our bleeding feet have trod;
We would take up our abode
  In the palaces of God.

Father, keep us in Thy care,
  Lead us in Thy holy way;
Save us from the tempter's snare,
  For Thy mercy's sake, we pray.

We are weak and we are blind,
  Darkly groping after Thee;
Maker of the finite mind,
  Lift the veil and let us see.

Let us, weaklings that we are,
  Take to us the better part;

Let us view Thee from afar,
Pure and perfect as Thou art.

We have followed frantic men
Through a legion empty creeds;
We have worshipped them, and then
We have shuddered at their deeds.

We have been full often cast
Helpless on confusion's sea;
We have come to know at last
There is nothing true but Thee.

Take us to Thy Father-Heart,
Tender Shepherd of the Sheep;
From the cruel world apart,
Let us on Thy bosom sleep.

VULNERABILITY.

A man may build about his heart
A strong defense of triple steel,
And boast within himself and feel
Secure from every coming dart.

But lo! his boasted strength is vain,
For when he sees no danger nigh,
An arrow from a woman's eye
Shall cleave his armor all in twain.

THE RIVALS.*

Rose-crowned, with lifted veil, and soft, glad eyes,
She met him at the portals when he came;
For she was Life, and he, full lover-wise,
Did kiss her hand and fervent love proclaim.

And they were boon companions, Life and he,
And fitly joined in every mood and thought;
They plighted love beneath the forest tree;
In nature's school together they were taught.

His poet-heart was wakened into song,
Nor ever sang the nightingale so well;
Great thoughts that to eternity belong
From his ripe lips in perfect numbers fell.

But gaunt-eyed Death sat envious and alone,
Perceiving how the happy pair were blest;
And she into a jealous rage was thrown—
With fleshless palm she smote her hollow breast.

And in that mood Death made an awful vow
To lie in wait where Life and Poet stroll'd,

* Written in memory of the late John Charles McNeill, the gifted North Carolina poet who died Oct. 17, 1907, aged 33 years.

That she might plant her kiss upon his brow,
Touch his warm, singing heart and leave it cold.

And even so befell the tragic deed;
From Death's assault there was no arm to save,
And many hearts shall long in silence bleed,
While Life stands weeping by her Poet's grave.

THE SECRET OF ATTAINMENT.

When the clouds are all about you and you get to feeling blue,
And you come to the conclusion that nobody cares for you,
That's the time that you should rally all the courage that you can,
And determine, with God helping, that you mean to be a man.

Take an interest in living—champion a worthy cause,
And content yourself with little in the way of man's applause;
Then you won't be disappointed if you fail to get a raise,

And your joy will be the greater when you strike a job that pays.

Always look upon your failures with an optimistic eye;
If you'll only keep a-going you will get there by and by;
And at last when you are standing on Attainment's sunny brow,
You will feel like smiling—smiling at the things that grieve you now.

There has never been a voyage but a little gale has blown,
And there is no path of roses that will lead you to a throne;
So, my worthy friend, believe me, it is much the wiser plan
Just to pull yourself together and move onward like a man.

HER WONDERFUL EYES.

Oh, were I an artist with power to paint
A picture as pure as the soul of a saint—
As strong in conception and rich in design
As the jewels that come from the depth of the mine;

And were I to paint from the coming of spring
Till the swallows go southward on shivering
wing,
I never could paint you the picture that lies
'Neath the lovable lids of her wonderful eyes.

If the stars were dissolved and the dews were
distilled
And mix'd by a chemist, though never so
skilled,
And then if Aurora were captured and bound
And melted and mix'd in the splendid compound;
If the tail of a comet were given me then
To dip and to paint for the children of men,
Though I took for my canvas the scroll of the
skies,
I never could paint you her wonderful eyes.

Her wonderful eyes! How they sparkle and
gleam!
How they mock the outburst of the poet's wild
dream!
For they rival the light of the costliest gem,
And her beautiful soul is reflected in them.
I am powerless now that I stand in the way
Where the twin lights of love cast refulgent
their ray;

I am held in the thrall of the power that lies
In the fathomless depth of her wonderful eyes.

WORSHIP.

A little rough cabin of poles
Alone in a region remote;
But now in the hut that the forest enfolds
There gathers a group of devotional souls,
And deep through the mountain the melody
rolls
From many a musical throat.

A simple but tender appeal
Goes up on the pinions of prayer;
And while at the altar they reverently kneel,
Their hearts overflowing with spiritual zeal,
Each hearer is made to instinctively feel
That truly 'tis good to be there.

Then slowly, again and again,
The preacher reads over his text;
It gives us a glimpse of the Evergreen Plain,
Where harmony, beauty and holiness reign;
It comes as a heavenly lotion for pain,
To hearts that are troubled and vex'd.

A PICTURE ON MEMORY'S WALL.

There are days in our lives that we'd like to forget;
They are tinged with remorse and the shadow of pain;
Then again there are bright days that bring no regret,
Save the saddening thought that they cannot remain.

On a sensitive film hid away in my heart
Is a photograph taken one beautiful day,
And the seasons may change and the sunshine depart,
But I'll keep the bright picture forever and aye.

'Twas a day in October—a Sabbath so bright!—
And I felt that the day was entirely too brief;
From the east to the west not a cloud was in sight,
And the far mountain ranges stood out in relief.

There was just enough edge on the cool autumn air
To invite the glad gleam of the radiant sun;

And the landscape around was surpassingly fair,
As I strolled o'er the hills with my Beautiful One.

When we came to the brook flowing down through the field
We were minded to linger beside it and talk;
Many hidden heart-thoughts did our willing lips yield
Ere we left the brook-side and continued our walk.

Then we passed slowly on through the dear autumn wood,
Walking close to each other like lovers of old;
What the lips failed to speak, yet the heart understood,
And we left not a word of love's story untold.

There were whispers of parting, but not in a way
To suggest any sadness of sundering ties;
I had loved as sincerely as ever man may,
And I read my reward in the light of your eyes.

And I trust we may fare o'er the pathway of life—

Even through the dark waters of death and
the grave—
In that holy relation of husband and wife,
Leaning hard on the Arm that is mighty to
save.

A SONG OF TRUST.

From God to earth the blessings fall,
From earth to God our thanks arise;
We cannot know His ways withal,
We only know that He is wise.

We lay our lives down at His feet,
A simple, trusting brotherhood,
And all our days are calm and sweet,
Because we know that He is good.

We are as children when they feel
A father's hand upon their heads,
And gladly in the light we kneel—
The light His smiling favor sheds.

We lay us down at close of day
Beneath the shade of angel wings,
To hear angelic fingers play
Upon a harp of golden strings.

LOVE ME WHILE I LIVE.

I will not ask that in the future years,
When I have passed into that Silent Land,
Thou come to me with kisses and with tears
And proffer love—I would not understand.

I will not ask that wreathed flowers be brought
To wither on my coffin and to die;
I would not that my name be proudly wrought
On chisel'd shaft up-rising to the sky.

I need the comfort that thy smile would lend
In the dark way that I must travel here;
But in that vale toward which my footsteps tend
I shall not heed the falling of the tear.

So if thou hast a blessing to bestow,
Or if thou hast a kindly word to give,
Defer it not till I am lying low
In death's embrace, but tell me while I live.

THE MAGI AND THE STAR.

Across Judean hills afar
There flamed a Star,
And Wise Men, tented on the plain,
Went forth amain.

Arabia, Egypt and the East,
On chosen beast,
Fared forth upon their sacred quest
At God's behest.

Day after day, night after night,
The Star gave light,
And went before and guided them
To Bethlehem.

Then straight into an ox's shed
The men were led,
And from the manger looked and smiled
The promised Child.

And lo! the bearded prophet men
Were happy then,
And bowed the reverent knee in prayer
And worshipped there.

Oh, thanks to God that on that morn
A King was born,
And we, far off in time and place,
Shall see His face.

MY VARIOUS LOVES.

I love the silence and the solitude,
The landscape with the silent sky to back it;
Then, sometimes, when I'm in the proper mood,
I love a racket.

My appetite has an extensive range—
Poundcake my Epicurean palate tickles;
And then at other times, by way of change,
I'm fond of pickles.

I love the sunshine on a cloudy day,
And think how pleasant just to see it shining;
I'm also partial to the clouds, if they
Have silver lining.

I love the classic notes of Sousa's band,
Although their meaning is to me a riddle;
But if that company is not at hand,
Bring on your fiddle.

In literary paths I love to roam—
Shakespeare and all his peers I value highly;
Then coming down the ages nearer home,
I'm fond of Riley.

When on the farm I long the town to view,

And when in town I think the country's charming;
Business is pleasant when I've none to do,
And so is farming.

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

Down beside the ancient river where the lofty birches quiver,
And the mellow moon is mirror'd in the soft, translucent wave;
There, so silent and so solemn, stands a massive marble column,
And beneath it, flower-laden, lies a lovely little grave.

Underneath the blushing roses in her purity reposes
One upon whose tender shoulders never sorrow's mantle fell;
But whose sad, untimely going, she the truth so little knowing,
In the bosom of another kindled all the flames of hell.

Youth and maiden I have seen them with the yard-gate shut between them,

As they lingered in the gloaming ere the parting word was said;
And they used to walk together in the early autumn weather,
When the yellow leaves were falling from the branches overhead.

In that lonely land where slumber pale companions passing number,
She is still the little maiden, changing not with changing scenes;
But the youth, his brow is wrinkled and his hair with white is sprinkled,
You can tell that he is ageing by the staff on which he leans.

He has lived retired and lonely, with no living creature only
His poor dog to share the silence of the long and cruel years;
And he reared the marble column, standing there so sad and solemn,
And he planted all the flowers and he waters them with tears.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

Oh, the men-of-war that ply upon the seas!
Oh, the many aching bosoms, ill at ease!
Oh, the fierce and fearful rattle
When the navies clash in battle,
Their insatiate thirst for murder to appease!

Oh, the fearless young reporter loves to roam!
He is with them far away upon the foam;
While the soldier-men are fighting,
He is writing, writing, writing—
Making "copy" for the papers back at home.

Oh, the telegraph that spans the pulsing earth!
We can never rightly estimate its worth;
And the cables, oh, the cables!
How they put to shame the fables
Of the wonders that were never given birth.

Oh, the editors, how rapidly they write!
Oh, the Mergenthalers running day and night!
And the presses, oh, the presses!
How they grind out the distresses
Of the great opposing nations in the fight!

Oh, the messages that come upon the wire!
They are laden with the breath of blood and fire;
And while yet the conflict rages

It is spread on printed pages,
And the world is moved with sympathy—or ire.

Oh, the Russian is a very wily chap,
But it seems he's met his equal in the Jap;
And I hardly need to mention
That it is the firm intention
Of them both to make some changes in the map.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

A medley of lights and shadows, and the busy
world spins 'round;
Glad souls there be, and sad ones, but each soul
outward bound—
Breathed out from the Source of being to wan-
der awhile through space,
The dupe of consuming passions, or the object
of saving grace.

Glad songs and the voice of laughter in many a
gleaming hall,
And then the shroud and the death-watch and
the funeral's dismal pall.
A season of strength is given wherein we shall
all be gay;
But the pallor of death comes after, and the
desolate, dreamless clay.

PORT-SEEKERS.

Lone pilgrim bands,
In Eastern lands,
Traverse Sahara's burning sands;
O'er deserts wide,
With weary stride,
They go to where the gods abide.

Foot-sore, the while,
In endless file,
They cover many a pathless mile;
Their gods, bedight
In spectral white,
Drift ever from their aching sight.

Lo, far and wide,
On luring tide,
A myriad freighted vessels ride;
Within each hold
Is stored the gold
Of merchant-princes manifold.

They sail and sail
Through calm and gale,
But ne'er the long-sought harbor hail;
Their port of mist
Has flown, I wist,
Into the farther amethyst.

Poor plodding man
Will scheme and plan
Throughout his life's allotted span,
That he may claim
For his poor name
An hour's evanescent fame.

But look! Behold,
When all is told,
His name, though carven deep and bold,
By slow decay
Shall fade away,
And fame's allurements—where are they?

TO CHRISTMAS DAY.

Unto thee, delightful day,
Let me chant a greeting lay;
For of all the days that be,
None may I compare with thee.

Human hearts, united by
Fond affection's surest tie,
Gladly at thy coming raise
One united song of praise.

Faintly whispered, lightly sung,
By some love-taught angel tongue,
From celestial worlds I hear
Sweetest music wafted near.

SONG OF THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

I have come from out the silence of the days
that are to be;
I have brought a holy message, line of Adam,
unto thee;
I have stood upon the summit of the highest
hills of grace,
And have seen One great of power take the
world in His embrace.

From the awful deep of darkness that has held
the heaving earth,
I have seen her issue smiling, blooming in her
second birth;
Yea, the Lord hath had compassion on the
stricken souls of men—
He hath plan'd a great redemption whereby
they may live again.

I have seen the Lord Jehovah summon forth
His angel band—
Seen the angels stand in silence while He gave
the great command:
"Haste ye earthward, shining children, where
a people groaning lies;
Tell them that to-day in Judah shall a mighty
Priest arise."

Then I heard the swoop of pinions and I saw
the morning light
Straight descend and rest upon them, and it
followed them in flight;
Then the eyes of men were opened and the
hearts of men were glad
When they saw the King of Glory in those tat-
tered garments clad.

Magi! O ye men familiar with the language
of the stars,
Who have won the courts of Wisdom past her
mighty gates and bars,
I have come to bear you witness of the things
that are to be;
If ye seek the great Redeemer of all peoples,
follow me.

A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

Our Father, by whose guardian hand
Thy little ones are kept and fed,
And by whom, in this desert land,
For us an ample feast is spread:

Forgive the weak, the faithless heart,
The failing trust, the broken vow;
Bid all our questionings depart,
And let us trust Thee, even now.

For Thy dear love that faileth not
To point us to the heavenly way;
For all that crowns our earthly lot,
Accept the homage that we pay.

Accept the broken song we raise
Before Thee in this holy hour,
And all the remnant of our days
Protect us with Thine arm of power.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

A dream in polished marble! This thou art,
O temple of the living and the dead!
Thy beauty charms the eye and wins the heart,
As through thy halls thy thousand lights are shed.

Oft have I stood upon thy central stair
And felt the thrill that hath no outward voice;
A million heavenly beauties mingling there,
Compel the soul en rapport to rejoice.

Man's most sublime conception, highest thought,
Converges there with something of the skill
By which the circling suns were formed and taught
To roll submissive to their Maker's will.

I've wandered through thy spacious halls by day,
And viewed, with well-pleased eye, thy mural charms—
Thy living mottoes, writ in classic way,
Thy pictured Muses with uncovered arms.

Again I've sought thee as the twilight fell,
When thou wert bathed in soft electric light,
And 'mid thy million books (I love them well!)
I've whiled away the early hours of night.

O living world of dead men's better selves—
Thou world of books—my heart would dwell with thee!
Fain would I walk amid thy endless shelves
And hear thy voices calling unto me.

Here dwells the best that every age has known,
The gathered treasures of recorded time;
Here, framed in the abiding strength of stone,
Our legacy eternal and sublime.

DAY AND NIGHT.

It's very strange that day will break
When slightest fall it does not take;
And stranger still that night can fall
And somehow never break at all.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

So like a sudden glory
  That breaketh unaware,
Came that delightful story
  In answer to my prayer.

My long and ardent wooing
  Has won the day at last,
And great the joy accruing
  From sorrow of the past.

Six years ago I met you,
  And fell in love at sight;
I never could forget you
  At all, by day or night.

You were my soul's ideal—
  That plainly I could see;
My sweetheart true and real
  I longed for you to be.

Not mine the skill, however,
  To win a maiden's heart;
Like ships that pass and sever,
  We drifted far apart.

Yet in my heart, though broken,
  I kept a place for you;

And this was for a token
That I'd be ever true.

The years came empty-handed,
Or laden but with pain;
My hopes were wrecked and stranded
Beside life's cruel main.

With sorrow 'round me lurking,
And holding me in thrall,
I could not see the working
Of God's plan through it all.

But God was only trying
My temper in the fire;
He was but purifying
The gold of my desire.

Behold, the night of weeping
Is past away and gone;
The light of love is sweeping
Across the hills of dawn.

Oh, joy beyond expression!
My fair one has returned,
And made the sweet confession
For which I long have yearned.

"I love you!" Oh, what meaning
Those little words convey!
From all our language gleaning,
We've none so sweet to say.

These words have been repeated
A thousand million times,
And daily they are greeted
In every poet's rhymes.

We count them each a jewel
As oft as they are said;
Without them life were cruel,
And languages were dead.

And so for all the pleasure
Which your confession brings,
I thank you, O my treasure,
Most loved of earthly things!

Now may the grace and blessing
Of Heaven still abide,
And may we, onward pressing,
Go ever side by side.

SONNET TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

Thou ancient mummy, lying prone in state,
And what is thy good wish this lovely day?
Thou bronzed stiff, impervious to decay,
Hast thou been well attended here of late?
In Egypt thou wast honorable and great;
But that was full three thousand years ago,
And here thou liest, wrapped about with tow,
And all unmindful of thy hapless fate.

I stand and look into thy sightless eyes
And think what olden wonders they have seen,
And what eventful ages lie between
Thy world and ours. What would be thy surprise
To know thou'rt sleeping under alien skies,
In Oriental trappings moulded green?

FAITH AND WORKS.

Upon the hill of Faith he built his tower,
But crowned it not with ordnance of good works;
Then sat contented, waiting victory's hour,
Nor marked what danger in inaction lurks.

"O Faith, thou art my monitor," he said,
"And thou wilt bring good fortune unto me;

My heart is set, my eager arms are spread,
And I shall prosper by thy good decree."

But while the man of Faith sat idly by,
Conjuring up fair pictures in his mind,
The man of Works, with purpose strong and high,
Bore off the laurel wreath that Faith had twined.

THE KISS.

You smiled, and my soul
In a moment took fire,
And I could not control
My o'erweaning desire
To fold you secure
'Gainst my warm, throbbing breast,
And kiss your demure
Little lips into rest.

Reluctant you came,
Like a coy young sprite,
With a blush, as of shame
Interwove with delight.
When I felt the soft touch
Of your warm, wavy hair,
The sensation was such
That I fainted right there.

But no man of the race
  Could unconscious remain
With the dream of your face
  Dancing over his brain;
So I came to myself
  In a moment of time,
And—I kissed you, sweet elf,
  And that kiss was sublime.

The wine may be rare
  That great Jupiter sips,
But it cannot compare
  With the wine of your lips;
For I never had known
  The full meaning of bliss
Till my lips met your own
  In that rapturous kiss.

A WINTER EVENING.

When Winter, with her evenings long and drear,
  Has bared the forest and congeal'd the stream,
I like to lounge about the fireplace here,
  And lose myself in some old poet's dream.

Let others trail out with their guns and dogs,
  To bounce a rabbit from some sheltered nook;
I'll build a roaring fire of hickory logs,
  And spend the evening with my favorite book.

And when the evening wanes to twilight dim,
  And when the twilight thickens into night,
I think of spectres stalking tall and grim,
  Then close the window shutters good and tight.

The wind outside, against the casement there,
  Howls sadly, like some creature in distress;
And far off, through the forest lone and bare,
  Its wail intensifies the loneliness.

My friendly fire sends up a cheerful blaze,
  My feet outstretched before it do recline;
And soon again I'm lost in other days,
  And all the author's interests are mine.

Give me a winter evening in my den,
  Here with my books, my lamp, my cozy fire;
Just turn me loose, and I'll be happy then—
  These are the things toward which my thoughts aspire.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember, dear,
The long, sweet days we wandered here?
How did the sunbeams chastely play
Across the fields in May?

When Youth was blooming fair,
And gentle breezes stirred the air,
We walked together in the wood,
Where springing flowers stood.

We, at this fountain, oft,
When Love's bright planet was aloft,
Drank deep dear Nature's nectar'd wine,
That did our hearts combine.

I KNOW YOU CAN.

'Tis not so hard to be a man—
To fight life's battles bravely through,
And all the powers of wrong subdue—
If someone says, "I know you can."

'Tis not so hard to work and plan—
Your own misgivings to deny—
If some kind-hearted passer-by
Will pause and say, "I know you can."

But if the world, with deaf'ning din,
Shouts "No, you can't; you need not try,"
Though what it utters be a lie,
The prize is doubly hard to win.

THANKSGIVING.

Let us shout a glad hosanna from the green
earth to the sky,
In thanksgiving for the beauty that shall never
fade nor die.
Earth is bless'd beyond comparing—let all
creatures thankful be
That the valley smiles with plenty from the
mountain to the sea.

There's the plowman with his horses and the
angler with his hook,
And the lover with his lassie and the scholar
with his book.
Oh, the earth is rolling onward, leaving sad-
ness in the rear,
And the highway to the kingdom shines before
us bright and clear.

Not a zephyr greets the morning but it bears
upon its breast
Incense from affection's altar, echoes of celes-
tial rest;
And the night of gloom and darkness is a pre-
lude to the day
That is soon to burst upon us in its golden,
glad array.

Then the day will be the brighter for the night
that came and went,
And the earth will smile with beauty and the
air will breathe content,
And the richest boon of heaven will upon crea-
tion rest,
While the friendship long forgotten springs
anew within the breast.

Thus the Father of the faithful stretches out
His gentle hand
To pronounce the benediction of His love upon
the land;
Then the mountains catch the echo and repeat
it once again,
And the forest bows approval, and the vale
responds "Amen."

THE INNER SIGHT.

The town, the village and the farm,
Aforetime all so commonplace,
Have robed themselves in richer grace,
And don'd a more enduring charm.

The things wherein I only saw
The base, the brutish and the wrong,
Are rich in themes of holy song,
And loyal to the perfect law,

I cannot walk the meadow path
And not behold a smile of God,
Whereas, when first the path I trod,
I only saw His frown of wrath.

And hence it is that I believe
We find the thing we truly seek,
Though be it strength when we are weak,
Or be it comfort when we grieve.

THE LONG HAND-CLASP AT PARTING.

When in the twilight hour we stood alone,
Hand clasp'd in hand outside thy cottage door,
I knew full well (and ah! if thou hadst known!)
That I should see thee not for evermore.

That was a time of sorrow unto me,
A time of mourning, and a broken heart,
For in a moment I was led to see
That our respective lots were cast apart.

I plighted there my last eternal vow—
My last forever—touching thee and thine;
No word have I repented of, yet now
I grant thee this by way of aftersign.

Thou'lt know by this that I had cared for thee,
That I had loved thee as my very own;
And I had builded castles fair to see—
Alas! but they have all been overthrown.

Sometimes in fancy I can feel the touch
Of thy dear hand, as on that fatal night;
Then, lest I dwell upon thee overmuch,
I cast the thoughts of thee to left and right.

It seems so hard to tear myself away
From all the tender memories of thee—
From all thy smiles and favors (blest be they!),
But heaven wills it so, and it must be.

Things have so changed, and in so brief a space!
It sets me wondering whether I am sane—
The thought that I shall never see thy face,
Nor hear the music of thy voice again.

But thou wouldst not that, closed to all beside,
The portals of thy soul swung wide for me;
Fain wouldst thou, wanton one, thy love divide,
And scatter smiles on all who came to thee.

And I, who hold that in such lavish state
Thy heart can harbor nothing that is true,
Turn, with disdainful bearing, from thy gate,
And bid thee, as it shuts, my last adieu.

I go not, as the thwarted lover goes,
Reeling with frenzy to some midnight den,
To curse my cruel fate and nurse my woes,
But as a man into the midst of men.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Oh, you little purple poems,
  Smiling at me from the dresser,
Cora wore you on her bosom—
  Her dear bosom—heaven bless her!

Little purple heads protruding
  From the water in the vase,
You've a smile of fragrant freshness,
  Like the smile on Cora's face.

Though your little necks are slender,
  And your heads had not a hat,
You have braved the frosts of Autumn,
  And I love you more for that.

Thus I get a lesson from you—
  Namely, that my sweetheart-wife
Will retain her bloom and freshness
  Through the Autumn of her life.

Sit there, little violet sisters,
  Where she placed you on the dresser;
I must go and kiss my darling,
  And with loving arms caress her.

THE NIGHT.

The Night is an ardent lover,
His lady the Earth;
And steadily hath he woo'd her
Since time had birth.

The Night is a sad musician,
His harp is the wind;
And the sear leaves dance to the music
Till their ranks are thin'd.

So the Night hangs up his lantern—
His lantern, the moon—
And he sings for the Earth, his lady,
A slumbrous tune.

He hath the stars for his jewels,
And the dew for his tears,
And hath wept on his lady's bosom
For a million years.

The Night finds the lady waiting
At the trysting place,
And he sprinkles the moonbeams over
Her sleeping face.

And there by his lady's bower
Safe watch he keeps,
Till the wind-harps cease their sighing,
And the hoot-owl sleeps.

LUCILE.

The love which once thou gavest me
I hold in sacred trust;
My vows I'll twine in the lonesome vine
That wanders above thy dust.

No other love can win my heart;
'Tis buried deep with thine;
It will not bow to the music now,
Nor the flow of Egyptian wine.

I loved thee more than life, Lucile;
I wept in the bitter hour
When death lay cold on thy locks of gold,
And scorned me with its power.

For we had grown up side by side,
And like of thought were we;
Our friendship grew to a love more true
Than love was known to be.

Together read we Nature's truth
In forest and in dell;
We spent long hours with the birds and flowers,
We knew their language well.

But dark, with the passing of thy smile,
The radiant morning grew;

Soft words of cheer to my pulseless ear
Were senseless jargons, too.

When I would joy in what of good
The passing seasons bring,
I remember in tears that the cruel years
Were all too swift of wing.

And thus bereft of every tie
That bound me unto time,
In silence I bow by thy sepulchre now,
And weave this mournful rhyme.

A CHILD'S CRY TO NATURE.

Sing to me, Sweet, of the Lullaby Land,
Sing me a song to bring sleep;
Sing of the mountain peaks solemn and grand,
And of the billowy deep.

For I am weary with work and with play,
Tired of the strain and the slack—
Tired of the life that gives all things away,
And never gets anything back.

Rock me to sleep on your beautiful breast,
Nature, my Love, my Sweet;
Sing me a song that will lull me to rest,
And make me a grave at your feet.

THE WOMAN SERVANT.

Once on a day there came to earth,
From out the gates of paradise,
A human soul of rarest worth,
To give itself a sacrifice.

It was a woman-child that lay
Neglected on a bed of straw,
With face as radiant as the day—
A perfect face without a flaw.

That tiny face, so fair and white,
Into an artist's model grew,
And in those eyes of dreamy light
The poet-soul was shining through.

But cruel Circumstance had set
The seal of doom upon the child;
Her path of life was rough, and yet
She struggled o'er it undefiled.

For being born a beggar-maid
Her queenly life could not atone;
The world condemned her still, and laid
On burdens till it made her groan.

Her life, though gall'd by Labor's yoke,
Betrayed no impulse low or mean,

And every deed of hers bespoke
The stately bearing of a queen.

Yet she was "low" in worldly eyes—
Polite society must frown;
And though she ever prayed to rise,
The world conspired to keep her down.

And having given up the quest
For sympathy in humankind,
She carries in her sunless breast
A soul submissive and resigned.

Her nerves are racked and tortured by
The grind of Labor's cruel mill,
And, living, she must daily die,
A servant—but a woman still.

THE BUILDING OF DELPHA.

The first who came to Delpha was good Ebenezer Grimes,
Who immigrated hither in the Puritanic times.
He walked into the ancient wood with courage and with pride,
Hew'd down the trees and built a house to shelter his young bride.

And then he settled down to work, to plow and plant and reap;

His days were filled with honest toil, his nights
with peaceful sleep.
He cleared the pines from off the hill that
slopes up to the west;
Then he was old and full of years, and he laid
down to rest.

But there were Abner, Seth and Will to take
their father's place,
To propogate the species and to multiply the
race;
And so they built them each a house and mar-
ried each a wife,
And settled down there side by side to meet
the needs of life.

The fields were broadened year by year fast as
the children grew,
And soon the little settlement had numbered
thirty-two;
For while the old men bent with age up rose
their gallant sons—
The young men took the old men's place, and
thus the story runs.

The little church you see out there was built in
years long gone,
When Abner's grandson, Malachi, was full of
life and brawn;

But he has gone to take his place in silence
long and deep,
In that old graveyard near the church where
all the Grimeses sleep.

But stranger folk from distant parts had come
to Delpha then—
A troop of slender little dames and anxious,
bustling men—
And they had laid out splendid streets across
the goodly fields,
And there were hammers keeping time to hum
of factory wheels.

And I, Rudolphus Rastus Grimes, the great-
grandson of Will,
Am creeping up and down among these modern
wonders still;
But soon there'll be another mound beneath
the churchyard tree,
And then proud Delpha will forget her ances-
tors and me.

THE DEATH OF A CENTURY.

December 31, 1900.

Let a solemn prayer be said,
And let holy incense rise;
Weave ye garlands for the dead,
For to-night a century dies.

Let a funeral bell be toll'd
When the evening sun is low,
For its crimson and its gold
Are the harbingers of woe.

Nineteenth Century, we mourn
That thou art no more to be,
And as thou art skyward borne,
We will kiss our hands to thee.

For a hundred seasons past
Thou hast seen great deeds transpire—
Seen the nations overcast
With a net of living wire.

Thou hast seen the farthest isles
Greet each other face to face,
By the new-invented wiles
Of a bold inquiring race.

But thy last triumphant flight
Hath been heralded afar,
And thou goest out to-night,
Like the fading of a star.

THY PROMISE.

Yea, thou hast promised me, and I believe;
I could not doubt thee for a moment, dear;
Thine honest lips ne'er practiced to deceive,
And of thy constancy I have no fear.

Thou art my own henceforward—only mine,
And in exchange I give myself to thee;
Our lives shall be all glorious, all divine,
And perfect as two earthly lives may be.

Apart, and all unconsciously, we grew,
Till, 'neath the golden radiance of Love's sun,
Our kindred souls each to the other drew
Their separate beings and became as one.

Awhile I knew not, nor so much as dreamed,
So fair a human flower on earth could bloom;
And yet my soul e'er sought thee, and it seemed
To hold sweet converse with thee through the gloom.

To-night I take thee in my arms and press
Upon thy lips the fond betrothal kiss;
Because those precious lips have whispered,
"Yes,"
And our two lives are one in mutual bliss.

A LYRIC OF LOVE.

Come sit here on my knee the while
I sing my lyric to thee,
Of all the empty days I met
Before I ever knew thee.

Of all the aimless, empty days
That crept so slowly by me,
With only vague, uncertain peace
To promise—and deny me.

Before the light of angel eyes
Drew heaven closer to me,
And banished all the clouds of doubt
That erstwhile did pursue me.

Now let us hope that they are done—
Those days of stormy weather—
And let us take each other's hand
And march along together.

A LULLABY SONG.

Don't weep, now, but sleep, now,
  And rest your tired eyes;
And wake, then, and take, then,
  Fair beauty's first prize.

Where life is, there strife is,
  Yet sleep's soothing wine,
So dream-like, doth seem like
  A nectar divine.

THE EMPTY BOAT.

Broken and bruised on many a cruel bar,
Over dark waters far,
Hither alone, in midnight cast afloat,
Drifteth an empty boat.

Slowly the waves retire—the storm has ceased,
And from the waking East
Dawn's radiant finger, poised in ambient air,
Points to the wreckage there.

An empty boat and one poor broken oar
Cast out upon the shore;
Answer, O wandering winds of the hungry sea—
Where may the boatman be?

STROLLING IN THE STARLIGHT.

Very well do I remember, 'twas an evening in
September,
Such an evening as you fancy might in every
way compare
With a clump of ruby roses leaning all in per-
fect poses
In the middle of a desert that is desolate and
bare.

Now the sun was slowly sinking, and the day
and night were linking—
Marching arm in arm together through the
misty mountain wood;
Through the oak-boughs arching o'er us rang
the night-bird's nimble chorus,
And the church-bell sent its summons to a com-
mon brotherhood.

In my soul was something sweeter than all
outward earthly meter,
As we marched amid the music of the moun-
tains, you and I,
And the thousand silent voices that are heard
when earth rejoices,
Wafted to us endless echoes of a blessed by-
and-by.

Hotel Lithia, calm and queenly, on the Brushies
sat serenely,
Lifting up her tapered turrets far above the
mountain mist,
And the sight grew fainter, fonder, as we
gazed away off yonder,
Where green verdure clothes the valley and
the hills are heaven-kissed.

In my bosom darts and dances millions of fan-
tastic fancies,
As I hear again the music of the vocal village
band;
Then across the dewy heather, and we mount
the steps together,
And we see the village preacher as he rises in
the stand.

All his face is smoothly shaven, and his locks
are like the raven;
He is dressed in neat apparel; he is hand-
some, as a whole;
'Tis the Father's gracious greeting that the
preacher stands repeating;
'Tis a comfort to the conscience and a solace to
the soul.

'Tis the speaking of the Spirit, and you hold
your breath to hear it,
Until all the earth about you is forgotten, for
the time—
Until every nerve and sinew that is hidden deep
within you
Is a-trembling with the tremor of the language
so sublime.

Preaching done, the village pastor prayed the
blessings of the Master
On the souls of all the sinners who were look-
ing for the light;
Then, 'mid people thronging thickly, down the
steps we ventured quickly,
From the gaudy glare of lanterns to the balmy
breath of night.

I am dreaming—(Bless the vision! 'Tis trans-
porting—rapt—Elysian!)—
How I drew you close beside me, how I held
your little hand;
How my heart would fairly flutter with the
thoughts it dared not utter,
But I pressed you closer—closer, and you
seemed to understand.

Ah! that night was truly splendid, but alas! too
soon it ended—
Ended in a painful parting 'neath the dropping
of the dew;
Nothing can its memory smother, and I sigh for
such another;
May the Lord be pleased to send it, and to send
me there with you.

A POEM TO THE POETS.

Brother, if you would be wise
As a modern poet,
Clothe an old thought in such guise
That no one will know it.
Everything has once been said,
Many times been stolen;
Thus the stream of books is spread
To a flood high-swollen.
Notwithstanding this is true,
People read and call it new.

Rhyming brother, hear my song:—
If you wish to capture
Everyone who comes along
With your rhythmic rapture,
Be not over-apt to pen
Everything so plainly;

Drop a hint just now and then—
Leave it guess-work mainly.
He is counted great who sings
Unintelligible things.

SONG TO OLD GLORY.

O flag, with thy stars that are emblems, each one,
Of a free commonwealth that is rivalled by none,
We lift our eyes upward, and, seeing thee ride
So light on the free wind—our national pride—
We halt in the midst of our labor to-day
Our tribute of love and devotion to pay
For what thou now art and for what thou hast been
To us and our fathers in war's angry din.

Thy stripes that are crimson, in token, no doubt,
Of many a life that went thankfully out
To raise thee and keep thee unsullied and fair—
We boast thee and toast thee, beholding them there.
Wherever thou goest, on land or on sea,
In fair or foul weather, our hearts are with thee.
We call thee Old Glory, and fervently trust
Thy glory shall never trail low in the dust.

THANKS.

For love that holds our human ranks
United in an equal bond,
That looks the silent grave beyond,
Accept, dear Lord, our humble thanks.

For all the mercy we have met,
And all the passion we have slain;
For all the good we hope to gain
Beyond the silence of regret.

For strength in every time of need,
To stand serenely and to trust,
As all Thy chosen people must,
And follow where Thy footsteps lead.

For sun and shower ever blent
To crown our labors with success;
And we would thank Thee none the less
For all the trials Thou hast sent.

For these, and all good things beside,
We come to render thanks to-day—
We come to thank Thee and to pray
Thy peace among us to abide.

A DROP OF DEW.

There is a tiny blade of grass
  That grows upon a desert plain,
Away from where the rivers pass
  With borders dense of shrub and cane.

I saw it bow its head one night,
  I heard it pray, "O Heaven, do,
From thine abundance of delight,
  Please send me one sweet drop of dew."

My heart is like that blade of grass,
  That sighs amid the summer heat;
It fain would tip love's magic glass,
  And quaff its nectar cool and sweet.

The holy heart of heaven bent
  In kind regard to heed the prayer.
And down the twilight shadows sent
  A mist of dewdrops rich and rare.

And thus I know, my bonny lass,
  I could a life of bliss pursue,
Were I a tiny blade of grass,
  And thou my only drop of dew.

THE ORGAN OF LIFE.

Over and over and over monotonous voices call,
Till weariness creeps upon us and slumbrous eyelids fall;
And dreamily then we finger the dissonant, rasping keys,
And little we think of the terror that trembles along the breeze.

On the organ of life we are playing—each life is a separate tune,
And one is a dirge of the winter, and one is a carol of June;
But all of our chords are minor—there are notes that we cannot reach
Till we finish the lesson that only the Master of Life can teach.

There might have been more of music if we had but taken heed
To the hungering eyes that question and the sorrowful hearts that bleed;
There might have been more of sweetness to mellow the harsh discord,
If we had thought more of the service and less of the servant's reward.

But over the battered keyboard our faltering hands must run
Till the last faint notes are sounded—till the cantata, Life, is done;
And then may the Lord have mercy on our poor blinded souls,
And pilot us home to the land where the heavenly music rolls.

TO CORA IN FLORIDA.

I am thinking of my sweetheart in Orlando far away,
Down between the great Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico,
In the land of Ponce de Leon, where the month is ever May,
Where the orange blossoms flourish and the healing breezes blow.

Yes, I know that she is resting in fair Florida to-night,
After all the weary journey through the intervening states,
And my very soul is hungry for the letter she will write
When she rises in the morning and unlocks her castle gates.

In the morning when she rises from her couch
of sweet repose,
Lo! the tropic sun will greet her with a smile
so warm and sweet;
She will walk amid the orchards where the
luscious orange grows,
And a wealth of tropic flowers will be scat-
tered at her feet.

I am praying, ever praying, that my darling
Cora may
Be rewarded with the treasure she has gone
so far to seek;
May disease and its attendants all be driven far
away,
And a fresher glow be added to the roses on
her cheek.

Dearest, bravest little angel, I admire and love
you so,
For your womanly attainments and your
strength of mind and soul;
And my heart will travel with you in whatever
way you go,
Till the glory gates are opened and we reach
the shining goal.

SONNET—TO A SCIENTIST.

Thou wan-eyed, wakeful scientific man,
That shuttest up thyself from day to day
Within thy laboratory, where, they say,
Thou shapest many a scientific plan—
Where many a modern miracle began—
What latest wonder sleepeth in the toils
Of these old jars and batteries and coils?
What centuries might they in a moment span?

We all may dream of things that never were—
Impossible conceptions—which, of course,
Come still-born from their visionary source;
But Science is thy queen, and unto her
Thou makest thine appeal, nor dost demur
Until thy dream becomes a living force.

AT THE GRAVE OF PAYNE.

I went out early this morning
To take a leisurely stroll,
And to give the breath of the springtime
A chance to breathe into my soul.

I passed by the Treasury Building,
And then through Lafayette Square,
Where the dear little violets nodded
Their heads in the amorous air.

Then up Connecticut Avenue
I walked for several squares,
Past many a palace of brownstone—
The homes of the millionaires.

Turned westward at Dupont Circle.
And crossed over Rock Creek bridge,
Ascended the heights of Georgetown,
Where the cemetery lies on the ridge.

And there, like an army all marshall'd,
The tombstones and monuments stood,
Impressive and solemn and silent,
Far down the long slope through the wood.

I passed through the iron gateway,
Beneath the great arch overhead,
And down the long, angular pathways
That run through the field of the dead.

In front of a modest chapel
That faces the open west,
Beneath a tall shaft of marble,
There John Howard Payne is at rest.

In life he was sad and lonely,
And knew not a home of his own;
But a song was born out of his sadness—
A song more enduring than stone.

The high and the lowly have sung it
With tremulous voice and low,
And the hearts of the nations have melted
In the warmth of its musical flow.

The pilgrims of earth journey hither
To stand for a moment beside
The grave of the singer who moulded
His life into music, and died.

Before him the numberless millions
Had wandered from home and returned;
Had felt a great voiceless longing,
And for adequate language had yearned.

But never a tongue was able
To voice the immortal strain,
Bespeaking the depth of the home love,
Till the coming of John Howard Payne.

Though dead, yet he lives, and more truly,
For, back from eternity's shore,
His soul, now transformed into music,
Doth brighten and bless us the more.

Henceforth I will carry with me,
In whatever land I roam,
A feeling of deep veneration
For the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

A BED-TIME SONG.

She went off to bed;
I sat by the fire;
Through my bosom sped
A passionate desire.
While sitting there alone,
Beside the warm hearthstone,
I missed her;
So, creeping to the bed,
I stroked her darling head,
And kissed her.

Taken by surprise
At such kiss applied,
Two sweet, soulful eyes
Opened big and wide.
Two loving arms and true,
Down to the pillow drew
And bound me;
Earth had no other charms
While I could feel those arms
Around me.

THE STEM OF A ROSE.

Faded—the scent and the savor,
The bloom and the beauty that made
The weary heart kinder and braver,
And much of its grieving allayed.

Faded, but yet more endearing,
Like last-uttered words of a friend
Who hails the death-angel's appearing,
And whispers of hope to the end.

The red rose smiled in the morning,
And nodded its sisters "Good-day!"
But a sweet hand came without warning
And bore the fair jewel away.

Yet, robed in a halo of splendor,
It rose and it fell with the beat
Of a heart that was gentle and tender,
On a breast that was sinless and sweet.

Its memory I fervently cherish—
O Destiny, how may it be?
Pray how could that love-token perish,
When given so kindly to me?

The long-ago memories muster,
The olden sensations revive;

Around me they cling and they cluster,
As when the dead rose was alive.

But now in the mist of the morning,
And now at the evening's close,
I turn from a world full of scorning,
And worship the stem of a rose.

THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.

The golden sun is in the west,
Now hanging o'er the mountain's crest,
And soon the world will sink to rest,
Just like a squirrel in its nest.

The evening sky a mirror seems;
It catches all the slanting beams,
And all the many-colored gleams,
And sprinkles them o'er fields and streams.

The shadowy mountain grows more dim;
I scarce can see its ragged rim;
The forest pines, so tall and slim,
Fade out of sight, both trunk and limb.

The day is gone and night is here,
And every object far and near
By slow degrees will disappear,
All swallowed up in darkness drear.

I've got the cows and horses fed,
And piled some wood beneath the shed;
The supper table now is spread,
And soon I'll tumble into bed.

OH, TO BE MARRIED IN MAY.

O Love, from the South returning,
With all of your wandering o'er,
I give the glad hand of the dear native land,
And bid you a welcome once more.
My love has been faithful and constant,
I have dreamed of you night and day;
And, oh, the sweet bliss of the welcoming kiss!
And, oh, to be married in May!

To have lived in the shadow of sorrow,
To have seemingly loved in vain;
To have wept bitter tears through the joyless years—
Through the pitiful years of pain;
And then to pass from the shadows
And stand where the sunbeams play;
And, oh, the sweet charms of your circling arms!
And, oh, to be married in May!

THE MYSTERY OF MAN.

There is a mystery that broods
About the life of every man,
Though walk he in the solitudes,
Or march he with the crowded van.

He is the creature of a day,
Who cometh forth to live and die,
To be, and then to pass away—
Blind tool of sin—not knowing why.

He is an atom of the force
That palpitates among the spheres,
Uncertain of his being's source,
And only sure of death and tears.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

From out the mould'ring casket of dead years,
That, wrapped in dust, has long and lonesome lain
Within some unlit closet of the brain,
There peeps a boyish face, all wet with tears.

He turns upon me with an eager gaze,
And cries, "Oh, Sir, why knowest not thou me?"
I look—and in that simple face I see
And recognize myself of former days.

THE BOOK OF TRUTH.

Through all the labyrinth of human thought,
And all the vistas of the mortal mind,
I sought for Truth, but never once did find
The fullness of the treasure that I sought;
For all the efforts that the seers have brought
To bear upon the problems of the soul
Rebound again, and in their frenzy roll
Back into darkness and become as naught.

But lo! a pilgrim journeying through the earth,
And rugged is the way that he must plod,
But he is leaning on a faithful rod;
Within his soul the light of second birth,
And in his hand a gem of rarest worth,
The Book of Truth—the Holy Word of God.

MY LOVE-SHIP.

I launched my little love-ship out
Upon life's placid sea,
And vowed it would, beyond all doubt,
Bring good gifts home to me.

I waited long for its return,
Nor spied its silver sail;
My heart did for that love-ship yearn,
And hope was like to fail.

I dreamed I saw my love-ship fair,
That sailed so far away;
I looked into my heart, and there
It close at anchor lay.

Oh, there were gifts of rare design,
And smiles of love and peace,
That brighter o'er my pathway shine
When other pleasures cease.

That ship now saileth far and wide,
Through every sleeping sea,
And back across the tranquil tide
Brings good gifts home to me.

TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

I think the little boys an' girls
Ten thousand years ago
Had thes the nicest time at school.
'Cause there weren't much to know.

They didn't have to read an' write
An' add up figures then,
Ner learn the tables all by heart,
Like "Ten times one is ten."

They hadn't any blackboards then.
Ner chalk ner dunce's stool;

I think 'at I would like to be
In that kind of a school.

Columbus hadn't never said
But what the world was flat,
An' so they had no g'ographies,
An' all sich things as that.

They didn't study history then,
Because the world was new,
An' all the noted men they had
I guess was mighty few.

They had no grammars in them days
To tell the parts of speech;
'Twas fun to be a teacher then,
'Cause there weren't much to teach.

It's awful how the people grows
In knowledge, anyhow;
I'd hate to be a little boy
Ten thousand years from now.

'Cause I would be so busy thes
A-learnin' every day,
I wouldn't have a bit o' time
To run about an' play.

THE MARRIAGE.

One, crowned with roses in their richest bloom,
  Stood, heavenly fair, beside the altar rail;
The air was heavy with a dense perfume
  That clung to silken gown and bridal veil.

Beside her, in the glory of his strength,
  Apollo-like, and comely to behold,
A prince of men stood waiting, till at length
  Arose the preacher, venerable and old.

Each golden chandelier was in eclipse
  Before the greater radiance of her brow,
When, deep and solemn from his holy lips,
  The man of God pronounced the marriage vow.

And there was music by the solemn choir,
  The organ thundered from its deep recess;
The voice of heavenly harp and liquid lyre
  Fell 'round the people like a god's caress.

Then fared they forth across the radiant earth,
  Twin souls of dual bodies wove in one;
It has been thus since Life and Love had birth;
  It will be thus till Love and Life are done.

MY MUSE.

O frenzied singers, calling loud and long
For heavenly muses to inspire your song,
Come hither and behold my skill applied
In measured rapture to my muse—my bride.

Ye would not call for vain and empty names
To fan to life your dead poetic flames,
If by your side there sat a muse divine—
A living, loving, human muse—like mine.

She came to me with eyes that smiled and beamed—
Two little heavens verily they seemed—
And begged of me a poem writ in haste,
And I got busy—had no time to waste.

And from her heart to mine the music ran
In swelling strains, and ere I drew the plan,
The poem shaped itself like unto this,
And ended with a rich, ripe, ringing kiss.

PROPHECY.

The word of the Lord, by the mouth of the prophet,
Descended and came to the people and said,
In the beauty and strength and simplicity of it:
"Ye all are My family; I am the Head.

"Go fell Me the trees of the forest primeval,
And build Me a temple all steady and strong,
And shake the old earth with a mighty upheaval
Of worship and blessing and music and song.

"Go into the horrible slums of the city,
And bring out the poor and the sick and the lame,
And feed them and clothe them and show them your pity,
And teach them to honor My beautiful name.

"And so shall your days be as rivers of water
That flow through a land of perpetual spring;
And ye shall escape from the places of slaughter,
To rest evermore at the feet of the King."

SOUL-SCULPTURE.

See the pale sculptor by his marble block!
The mallet and the chisel long he plies;
How strangely disappears the rugged rock!
How strangely doth the speaking image rise!

O foolish man that cleavest to the clay,
Thy soul is on the selfsame basis built;
'Tis thine to hew the offending parts away,
'Tis thine to shape into what form thou wilt.

THE DANCING MEN.

The Dancing Men of Skip-Hop Town
Have won themselves a great renown,
And set the world a-talking free
About what kind of men they be.

For pantomimes and jigs and reels
Are shaken from their airy heels;
Of kicks and capers, new and old,
They have a quantity untold.

They sing and dance by night and day,
And always seem exceeding gay;
With plumes and feathers decked and
crowned,
They go their never-ending round.

Now Skip-Hop Town, as you may know,
Lies Southward from the Hills of Snow,
In a strange country called the Earth,
And there the Dancing Men had birth.

HIS MAJESTY, THE CZAREVITCH.

Now the Czar of all the Russians, be it known,
Has at last an heir apparent to the throne;
And he's sending out his runners
To inform the naval gunners
That they'll have to run their bloomin' war alone.

Yes, the Czar is in the nursery, mayhap,
With a funny little bundle in his lap;
And it makes him fairly giggle
Just to see that youngster wiggle,
And he swears it's just the picture of its pap.

Oh, his cup of bliss is full up to the brim,
And he vows that he is strictly in the swim;
When he hears that kid a-squalling,
Trifles like Port Arthur's falling
Haven't any sort of interest for him.

Oh, the Czar has gone to singing "Rock-a-Bye,"
And he's got a happy twinkle in his eye,
And he doesn't give a kitty
For the muchly-fallen city,
And as for the dying soldiers—let 'em die.

He has made a "trotty-hossy" of his knee;
He's forgotten that the fleets are on the sea;
Don't disturb his meditations
With your loud "distress of nations;"
He is busy with his baby—let him be.

A BOTTLE OF INK.

In speaking of authors and writers,
The secret of writing, I think,
Depends a good deal upon knowing
Just how to distribute the ink.

You purchase a bottle of Carter's,
Removing the stopper or lid,
And there in that prison of blackness
A hundred great poems are hid.

But here's what'll trouble you sorely,
And fill all your being with doubt—
The problem of how you shall manage
To get all the great poems out.

First, get you a clean sheet of paper,
Then dip your immaculate pen,
And keep on just like you were fishing—
First writing, then dipping again.

The poem will nibble and nibble,
You draw it out line after line;
And when it won't bite any longer,
'Tis finished and ready to sign.

THE OLD MAN'S OPINION.

You may talk about your palace an' your splendid city halls,
An' the carriage that conveys you to the banquets an' the balls;
But you're talkin' mighty simple when you undertake to tell

That the country ain't a fitten place for decent folks to dwell.

Tell me truly, city neighbor, don't you think you'd like to be
Out among the hills an' valleys where the cows roam fat an' free,
With the breezes all about you an' the sunshine overhead,
An' the bees a-suckin' honey from the blossoms, white and red?

Why, you'll never taste the pleasures that are showered down to men,
If you don't come out among us an' forsake your drowsy den.
You should see the light spray dashin' where the mountain torrent rolls,
An' you'd feel a great deal better if you'd sun your sleepy souls.

I have allers loved the country, an' I'll tell you good an' plain,
When I swap it for the city you may judge that I'm insane;
For there's nothin' suits me better than to walk behind the plow,
Urgin' on the faithful oxen—jes' like I'm a-doin' now.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

O aged year, it seemeth wrong
For thee, who hast been here so long,
To pass away;
It seemeth hard to understand
How thou'lt be known in all the land
No more for aye.

But since it is the will of One
Who keepeth us from sun to sun,
With many tears
We bid thee go and make thy bed
For evermore among the dead
And silent years.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

Many pages yet to turn,
Many lessons yet to learn—
Lessons both of peace and strife—
In this lesson-book of Life.

As the days go gently by,
Each one brings its song or sigh;
Each one brings a kindly thought
That no other day has brought.

If there's some one in distress,
Learn to comfort and caress;

Learn to give some heart relief
From the seething pangs of grief.

Strive to learn the virtue rare
Of unceasing, fervent prayer,
And submit your every ill
To the Great Physician's skill.

Look not backward on the past,
Where the dross of life is cast,
But with eager, searching eye
Look for blessings by and by.

If you'd have your name endure
Ever spotless, ever pure,
With brave deeds of kindness, then,
Carve it on the hearts of men.

THE VERNAL SEASON.

This is the season of the year
When vernal breezes bring good cheer,
And Nature, in her growing mood,
Seems with perennial life imbued.

The snow is gone, and in its place
The fresh green meadow shows its face;
The tender leaves that feared the cold
Are now beginning to unfold.

Once more released, the thankful cows
On pasture hills go forth to browse;
Then, with their hunger satisfied,
They lie upon the warm hillside.

The farmer, watchful and alert,
Throws off his well-worn winter shirt;
He hunts up all his plows and hoes,
And then into the field he goes.

The jangling gears, with some repair,
Are placed upon the old bay mare;
The plowman then, with lusty shout,
Begins to turn the furrows out.

I hail the glad return of spring,
When mating birds begin to sing;
Of all the seasons of the year,
'Tis lovely spring I hold most dear.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Not alone within the mansion
Where the lords of earth reside—
In the city's broad expansion,
And the gilded halls of pride;
But within the rural cottage
Where no costly gems abound,

Toiling for their daily pottage,
Lovely hands are often found.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Deeds of love the whole day through.

Oft the hand by rings encumbered
Has no charms for bleeding grief,
While the toil-worn hands are numbered
With the hands that give relief.
Wealth and pride can add no beauty
To the grasping hand of greed,
But the hand that does its duty
Shall be counted fair indeed.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Deeds of love the whole day through.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

The world is a-weary of listening long
To the hum of the same old tune;
It sighs for the strains of a new-born song,
And gropes for a greater boon.

The heart of the world leans in to those
Who are able to plan and dare,
And it seeks alway for the man who knows
How to lighten its weight of care.

DIGGING THE CANAL.

Away down yonder in Panama
Uncle Sam's a-ditchin'—
Biggest ditch you ever saw,
Set your nerves a-twitchin'.
Dig, dig, late and soon,
Unto earth a very boon;
With the Isthmus cut in two,
Ships can go a-sailin' through.

Pick an' shovel he can wield,
He's a mighty digger,
An' the ditch across the field
Ever growin' bigger.
Dig, dig, soon and late,
We're a nation strong and great;
By our march of progress stormed,
Earth indeed shall be transformed.

Mountains high an' valleys low
We are not a-dreadin';
When the seas together flow,
Then there'll be a weddin'.
Dig, dig, with a will,
Through swamp and plain and hill;
All the world of commerce shall
Bless the Panama Canal.

THE SERVICE OF LITTLE THINGS.

If I cannot be a sea,
  Surely I can be a spring;
Surely, with refreshing flow,
To some traveller old and slow,
Close beside me bending low,
  I can some small comfort bring.

If I cannot be a sun,
  Surely I can be a star;
Surely, with my little ray,
I can light some mortal's way,
And the nearer darkness slay,
  If I cannot shine afar.

THOUGHTS ON THE RUBAIYAT.

Old Omar, frothing by his cup of wine,
Grew tired of riddles human and divine;
  He cast them all as motes upon the wind,
And drank to Bacchus from the purple vine.

A seer that grappled with the stars of night,
And read the language of their wheeling flight,
  He yet grew weary of the soul's high quest,
And sought in maudlin revel his delight.

A Sufi wailing in a wounded tone
Of hidden things that never can be known:

Then in a breath denouncing every faith
And scorning every purpose but his own.

The Lethean cup made all his senses swim,
Till Memory died and Reason's light grew dim;
He held high revel through the present hour—
There was no past or future tense for him.

Mohammed grew a shadow of desire,
The Koran lost its power to inspire,
And Omar trusted only in the love
That bound him to his fount of flowing fire.

His genius soured in his drunken brain,
Which caused him thus severely to maintain
That man should revel for a night, and pass,
And nothing but an empty cup remain.

MEMORIES.

Sweet Memory, take my hand in thine,
And lead me gently through
The mystic ways of former days
That my young fancy knew.

Oh, let me steal away with thee
To days forever gone,
And let me feel again the zeal
Of childhood's golden dawn.

The empty school-house lonely stands
Upon the wooded hill;
Its inmates gay have roamed away,
Their noisy feet are still.

I pause upon the battered step
That marks the silent door,
And sadly here I drop a tear
For those I see no more.

I see within the dusky room
Their names upon the wall,
And from the floor they walk no more
The strange, wild echoes call.

And drifting down the dusky way
That seems so sad and long,
I hear again the glad refrain
Of childhood's early song.

O'er many a golden head I watch
The sunlight dart and gleam;
The shadows pass, and then, alas!
'Tis all a transient dream.

O sacred visions of delight,
I bless ye, one and all,
For sunny skies and beaming eyes
That ye so oft recall.

THE OLD TURKEY GOBBLER.

How dear to my heart is the day of Thanksgiving,
When time rolls around and presents it to view;
It makes a man feel that it's good to be living,
It cheers a man up if he sorter feels blue.
The wide-spreading oak, with its leaves crisp and yellow,
The barn, and the cattle all sheltered again;
The crow of the rooster—a jolly old fellow—
And e'en the old gobbler that lives in the pen;
The old turkey gobbler,
The red-headed gobbler,
The Thanksgiving gobbler that lives in the pen.

That old turkey gobbler I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when I feed him his bread,
I find it a source of exquisite pleasure
To think how I'll catch him and cut off his head.
How ardent I'll seize him with hands that are glowing,
And quick to the chop-block I'll carry him then;
One severing stroke, and the blood will be flowing—

The blood of the gobbler that lives in the pen;
The old turkey gobbler,
The red-headed gobbler,
The Thanksgiving gobbler that lives in the pen.

How sweet from the hands of the cook to receive him,
As out of the dish he rolls into my plate!
Ah, verily, nothing could tempt me to leave him,
For he's the best turkey that ever I ate.
And when far removed to the days dim and murky,
The tears of regret will be plentiful then;
When fancy reverts to the Thanksgiving turkey,
I'll sigh for the gobbler that lived in the pen;
The old turkey gobbler,
The red-headed gobbler,
The Thanksgiving gobbler that lived in the pen.

LIFE AND PEACE.

This is life—to gaily plod
Where deep the plowshare turns the sod,
And scatter seed;
And garner safe with thankful hand
The well-earned product of the land
For future need.

This is peace—the toil that brings
Content, with all the simple things
That life requires—
Sufficient food, a home, a friend,
And, crowning all, the abundant end
Of small desires.

THE OLD SWEET STORY.

Last night as I conversed with thee
On themes of love and friendship true,
I thought: "How old a thing can be,
And yet be new!"

From Adam down the line of time,
In prophet's creed and poet's dream,
"True love" has been the one sublime,
Undying theme.

As if by magic nations grow,
And boast of temporary power;
And then perhaps they're lying low
Within an hour.

Great men and greater epochs rise
To flourish briefly and to fall;
But Love, that angel of the skies,
Survives them all.

In every age he's played his part,

And yet his arrows fly as true
As when he aimed at Adam's heart
And pierced it through.

And in this present day of grace,
When man and maiden chance to meet,
Dan Cupid shows his roguish face,
And things get sweet.

A VALENTINE.

I built a palace long ago,
With towers passing fair;
I gave it to my love, and so
She dwells in beauty there.

Upon the North I built a wall—
A massive wall of stone;
'Tis moss-grown now, and over all
Full many suns have shone.

Go out, my Valentine, and long,
On tireless pinion soar;
Fly to my love and learn what song
She singeth evermore.

Go bear to me, like Noah's dove,
A message from her hand,
Writ in the dialect of love,
Which all men understand.

A PENSIVE POETICAL PROPOSAL.

O little maid, don't be afraid
  Because I send you this effusion;
I don't intend it shall offend
  By indirection of allusion.

I simply long to tell in song
  The story of my burning passion—
My mad desire to soon acquire
  A little wife and be in fashion.

Each day that comes my former chums
  Are marching up to Hymen's altar;
They bear their yokes as married folks,
  And here I stand and blush and falter.

Oh, why should I both live and die
  A lonely bach with none to cheer me?
I long to woo and marry you,
  And always have your presence near me.

I'm sure that we could quite agree
  In all the problems of existence,
And better, too, than we can do
  By keeping at so great a distance.

Therefore, sweet girl, my heart I hurl
  In supplication down before you;

Oh, grant, I pray, that some sweet day
My roof may form a shelter o'er you.

I'll wait for you to answer true,
And thus our course will be decided;
Our joys, you see, will doubled be,
While all our cares will be divided.

'Twill all be well if you will tell
My poor sad heart to cease from doubting;
And when I hear those words so dear,
I'll rise and go my way a-shouting.

THE MEN OF MECKLENBURG.

Ring out! ring on! ye bells of fame,
And publish far with loud acclaim
The names of those who dared to speak
When Hope was dim and Justice weak.

Through misty years we backward gaze
Upon our country's infant days,
Ere yet the angel, Freedom, spread
Her holy wings above its head.

The tyrant king, with heart of stone,
Was glad to hear the people groan;
He bound them in unrighteous laws
To thwart their just and holy cause.

But, fearless of all earthly foes,
The sons of Mecklenburg arose,
With pen of fire and muscle bare,
Their independence to declare.

All honor crown each faithful brow,
And glory rest upon them now,
And hallowed be the grass that waves
Above their long-remembered graves.

Lift up thy head, thou granite peak,
And to the coming ages speak
Of deeds of daring nobly done,
And freedom for our nation won.

Ah, suffer not their names to die
Who raised for us the battle-cry—
Who raised the arm and dealt the blow
That put to flight the British foe.

Sleep on, ye braves, until the day
When called to brighter fields away,
Where heavenly roses smiling nod
Upon the holy hills of God.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

Beyond the pales of speech I wandered far,
Under the Evening Star,
And held sweet converse with the spirit band
That guards the Sunset Land.

For where the human tongue is speechless, there,
Hard by the Mount of Prayer,
The Universal Soul, unfettered, springs
Straight to the heart of things.

Transcending every tie that men have known,
Mounting aloft, alone,
To the far heaven-land of spirit-thought
Where carnal things are naught.

And there, transfigured past all human ken,
Shaming the dreams of men,
The soul its true affinity may find
In the Eternal Mind.

For lo! the shapes that bind us to the earth
Are of so little worth,
Compelling us as prisoners to grope
Unto the gates of hope.

What need to fret behind the prison bars
When there are suns and stars.

And Wisdom, standing in her palace gate,
Beckons us while we wait?

There is a depth of consciousness profound
That only God can sound;
There is a height o'ertopping human speech,
That only God can reach.

And in this fuller presence of the truth
I find perpetual youth,
And there my dreams are ripened, and my soul
Mounts to its truer goal.

THE POLITICIAN'S CHOICE.

The local politician
  Ain't runnin' any more;
He's simply gone a-fishin'—
  A-loafin' 'long the shore.

He don't attend the speakin'
  To hear the boys shout;
He's on the bank a-seekin'
  To catch the frisky trout.

And when election's over
  And all the countin' done,
The candidate's in clover—
  Because he didn't run.

ADMIRAL McGINTY.

Oh, Admiral McGinty in the bottom of the sea
Commands a great navy and proud is he;
No matter what wars are waged in vain
Upon the mighty bosom of the surging main,
The old man "Mac" from his watery fort
Looks up and smiles at the deadly sport;
"Whoever wins out, I win," says he,
Does Admiral McGinty in the bottom of the sea.

A big gun booms and a vessel will reel
With a horrible wound in its side of steel;
A few more cracks from the death-machines,
And the vessel goes a-kiting to the submarines.
When all the mighty wars of the world shall end,
And the nations join hands, as friend with friend,
I wonder what pastime there will be
For Admiral McGinty in the bottom of the sea.

CHANGE.

There is a law that governs all the earth,
And likewise governs everything that's in it;
That makes death follow on the heels of birth,
And changes our position every minute.

The world is not the same for us to-night
That we beheld it when we woke this morning;
New scenes have come, and old ones taken flight,
And oft the change occurs with little warning.

Where once the forest lifted up its head
In proud defiance, now there lies a city;
The voice of all the old things, long since dead,
Cries from the ground in tearful tones of pity.

For change has left its footprints everywhere,
And business is most sadly out of socket;
And this is why 'tis all so hard to bear—
There's change in everything—except my pocket.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.

I've bin a-comin' here, you know, fer quite a lengthy while,
An' settin' up with you o' nights in reg'lar courtin' style;
We've talked about the "buddin' rose," an' "childhood's happy days,"
An' every heart-endearin' theme the poets like to praise.

But now the time has fully come to let sich matters be,

An' talk in more conclusive terms concernin' you an' me;
Fer naught shall cast a frown across the smilin' face of life,
If you will heed my anxious call—if you will be my wife.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

The June-bug roosted under a leaf,
And the fire-fly winked at the cricket;
The bull-frog sang from the lily-pond
To the owl in the ivy thicket.

The old mule switched his bushy tail,
Now free from the tiresome crupper;
The toad licked out his long red tongue
And caught him a fly for supper.

The whippoorwills met in the twilight air
And there held a conference, maybe;
The old cow stood by the pasture fence
And low'd to her bovine baby.

The house-dog howled at the rising moon
By simply the force of habit;
The fox crawled through the old brush fence
And raised his hat to the rabbit.

GRIEF AND GLADNESS.

Some lives are clad in mourning
  And grieve themselves away,
If one brief night approaches
  To mar their constant day.

While other lives are thankful
  To see one gleam of light
Break through the dark horizon
  Of their cold, cheerless night.

A SONG OF MYSELF.

I laugh to scorn the social plan
  That calls me an inferior;
I recognize no mortal man
  As being my superior.

I know that God, the Perfect Whole,
  The Omnipresent Trinity,
Has planted in my human soul
  Some measure of divinity.

And hence I challenge all the past,
  And all unknown futurity,
One shadow of reproach to cast
  Upon my manhood's purity.

Your fawning minions may dissent
And taunt me with disloyalty;
But never shall my knee be bent
To worship blooded royalty.

I am a king, and here erect
I stand in high authority;
Though slaves and senates may object,
I am a large majority.

No bloated lord of high degree,
With motives dark and sinister,
Shall ever dare to summon me
Unto his will to minister.

For I am broader than the creeds,
And greater than society;
I make the bound of human needs
The measure of propriety.

I heed not custom's siren song,
Nor fashion's vaunted vanity;
I bring to bear on right and wrong
The laws of sober sanity.

The world and its conventions may
Denounce me as fanatical;
But I shall go my wonted way
In power calm, Sabbatical.

OCT 16 1908

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 349 329 2